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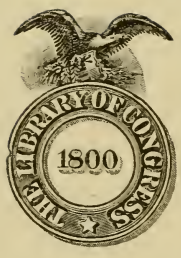

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Book W25

G. H. Woods Jr.

A MEMORIAL

OF

GILES F. WARD, JR.,

LATE FIRST LIEUT. TWELFTH N. Y. CAVALRY.

BY

WILLIAM IVES BUDINGTON, D.D.,

PASTOR OF CLINTON AVENUE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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MEMORIAL.

Now that the strange sad history of sacrifice and blood is ended, our nationality preserved, and we at peace; our first and most sacred duty is to gather up memorials of the heroic dead, and perpetuate the memory of their virtues. Every community throughout the loyal States, I had almost said every household, has been represented in this noble army of martyrs. This Church has precious names to present to a redeemed and grateful country; names that posterity, heir to the future their blood has made, will not suffer to die. Of one of these I propose to speak, constrained not less by a sense of duty to the living than to the dead; of GILES F. WARD,

Jr., one of the youngest and most heroic in the volunteer army of the United States. He was born on the twenty-second of February, 1845, and died before his twentieth birthday, on the twenty-eighth of January, 1865, having served his country as First Lieutenant in the Ninety-Second regiment, New-York State Volunteers; next as Adjutant of the regiment; and then as Aid-de-Camp upon the staff of General Palmer; and finally as First Lieutenant in the Twelfth New-York Cavalry.

ELEMENTS OF CHARACTER.

The elements of his character were affectionateness, purity, and nobleness — traits which shone conspicuously in him during his army life, and were astir in his breast in early childhood. When nine years of age he was placed in a military academy at Sing Sing, where he remained six years, and obtained his education. The letters which he wrote while at this school, have been placed in my hands; and more than any that I have read,

they show "the child the father of the man." His character was a natural and consistent growth upward from the small beginnings of boyhood. I have found in his letters, written in the cramped, unformed hand of the little boy, the same love for his home, which burned brightly in his bosom while in the army; the conscientiousness which grew into an established Christian character; and the nobleness of spirit which developed into the highest type of heroic manhood. Childhood has its sorrows as well as its joys, although we are apt in after years to remember chiefly the latter; and the principles that a boy acts upon in bearing his troubles, and performing his tasks, are as real and relatively as powerful as in after life. Giles was a hero at the age of ten. In language, beautiful for artlessness, he confesses his home-sickness, and then crowding down his feelings by a sense of duty, adds: "There is no good in being home-sick; it only makes me feel bad and I am going to try and be a good boy, and

be a man, as father says. Although I had rather a thousand times be at home and take comfort with father and mother, I am determined to be a good boy; so you need not worry, because I am sure that I will be a good boy, and please you, my dear mother."

It was something more than this, when loving home as he did, he gave reasons why he could not be absent from school at a certain time: "I am a marker; and a marker has to be there, because he carries the flag; and of course they want the flag on the parade; and if any one who was a common private should come and take my place, and did not know any thing about being marker, how do you suppose it would look to see him do every thing wrong? It will spoil the parade; and you would not like to have the whole parade spoiled, because I was not there to carry the flag." In these words of the boy of nine, spoke the soldier of nineteen. The little fellow who preferred to the pleasures of home, duty on the mimic parade

of the school-grounds, learned, without a sense of sacrifice, to fall into his place in the line of battle, and fly without the sense of fear over the battle-field, with his General's commands.

What a prophecy was it, also, of a glorious manhood, when this child wrote: "I heard old people say so much, that if they could spend their school days over again, they would spend them different from what they did, I am determined to make the best of my school days, and try and learn as much as I can, and when I grow up see if I can be an educated man, and do something for America, the free country of America, the country which General Washington was born in, and who, in the Revolutionary war, often rushed into the hottest of the fight."

EARLY RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

There runs through his letters also a deeply religious spirit. Before he was nine years old, he wrote: "I feel the want of being a

Christian, and my prayers are more earnest in asking God to make me a Christian. Do pray for me, too, dear father, and ask God frequently and earnestly to make me a Christian. I know, father, you will do it without my asking you. O God! will you answer his prayers?"

At the age of ten I find him trying to be a Christian that summer, yet saying that he can not do it without God's help. "Oh! that God will help me. Oh! that I was a Christian, dear mother. I have made up my mind that, with God for my friend and assistant, I shall be able to walk in the strait and narrow road which leads unto eternal life."

When I read these letters of this dear boy, promising and striving and praying to be a Christian, I no longer wonder at the religious experience which characterized him during the revival of 1861–2, in which he attended inquiry meetings, and soon after united with the Church just before leaving for the seat of war. He underwent no excitement of feeling,

passed through no depressions, rose into no ecstasies; he was simply firm and calm in his expression of the hopes and purposes of a Christian; showing, what is so often the case, and what ought always to be expected in similar cases, that his so-called *conversion* was but a development and outburst of a religious character, which had its roots in earliest life.

I do not mean to imply that he had not faults, the faults common to childhood. It would be as mischievous as it would be false to convey this impression. Good example loses its value, as a power for good over human hearts, unless it be seen to start from amid the weaknesses common to humanity. His teacher writes me, respecting his school-boy days: "While by no means free from faults, he was always amiable under reproof, and truthful in his confessions, never seeking to criminate others, or to screen himself."

This nobleness of disposition has many beautiful illustrations in his boyish letters. I

find him in one of them laying a plan for all to take the family carriage and meet him at the railroad station; and then remembering there may not be room enough for all, he adds: "I had just as lief stand up, or even walk, to give any of you a ride." He spends his Sundays, and what leisure he has other days, reading his Bible, and reading over and over his letters from home. He "shares his money and other things, with C—— B—— and G—— W——, two of his school-fellows." He mentions receiving a penitent letter from a teacher, who had left the school in disgrace on account of a fight with a boy. He says: "I answered his petition for forgiveness, with a pardon, on condition of his never falling into such habits again."

MILITARY ENTHUSIASM.

Such was the boy, his lips unshaded yet with signs of manhood, as he stood before me, early one morning in March, 1862. He had now left school, and was a clerk in an

eminent mercantile house in New-York; but hearing that I was going to Washington, he came to bring me his papers, and ask me to see General Casey, and assist him in obtaining a commission in the army. The country was ringing with the call to arms; our young men were thronging to the battle-field; and Giles could not resist the feeling that was impelling him to join the army. The guns of Sumter, indeed, had awakened this desire within him; but being only sixteen, he was thought by his parents too young, and was persuaded to wait a year. Meantime he had been to Washington to obtain a cadetship at West-Point; but he arrived there to find that four hundred applicants had entered their names before his. Surrendering this project, he grew stronger in the desire to enter the army, feeling that both by education and natural inclination he was fitted for the service. When he had reached his seventeenth birthday, he obtained his parents' consent; and after disappointments and delays, which

to his impulsive nature were torturing, he obtained his commission.

JOINS THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

He reached his regiment to find it in line of battle, just on the eve of the disastrous repulse of Fair Oaks. It was the crisis of the campaign. Great events were happening daily; the country was swept by exciting rumors; and our young soldier was plunged immediately into all the toils and perils of war. I find by his letters that he is at work in the trenches; often without food, and at night falling asleep too exhausted to eat. While he writes fighting is going on, the booming of cannon is borne past him on the breeze. "I should not be surprised," he writes, "although I do not expect it, if our forces were in Richmond to-night. You must not feel any concern about me. God will protect and care for me, and I believe he will permit me to return to my family again. When I made up my mind to leave my home

in the service of my country, I felt that the chances were very slight of my ever returning; but I can not help feeling that God is watching over me, and constantly protecting me." In place, however, of going to Richmond that night, the country and the army alike were confounded by a series of abortive attempts and sanguinary battles; and our lines were thrown back upon the James. He is detailed with his regiment to bring up the rear; marches with small allowances of food and rest; sleeps in wheat-fields without tents; is up at three o'clock in the morning to cover the retreat; is the next night sleeping on his arms in the edge of a wood expecting attack before light; his regiment, with two pieces of artillery and two companies of cavalry, holds the enemy in check till the wagon-train is safe, and is set to hold the position at all hazards. At length he arrives, thoroughly drenched with three days' rain, so tired as hardly to be able to stand, yet wading through mud up to the

knees; the men losing their shoes and boots —some, knapsacks, blankets, ammunition— every thing, and then half a dozen men pull them out! The young Lieutenant writes: "I tell you, the people of the North little understand the hardships and sufferings of their defenders; the sleepless nights on picket; the blistered feet on the march; the wet clothes and hungry stomachs of our brave soldiers!"

QUALITIES AS A SOLDIER.

After the close of the campaign in Virginia, the Ninety-second was ordered to the Department of North-Carolina, and this became the field of his most distinguished exploits, and at last, of his untimely death. He was the hero of many a skirmish and exploration, the history of which will probably never be written. He was very reticent about himself, and never alluded to some of the most extraordinary scenes of danger through which he was called to pass, and in which he exhibited such soldierly qualities

as greatly to endear him to comrades and superior officers. Some of the most striking of these occurrences have been made known to his family only since his death. When remonstrated with on one occasion by his father for not keeping more numerous memoranda in his note-book or letters, he playfully pointed to his head, and said: "It is all here, father; and one day I mean to write it all out, and perhaps I shall make a book."

But while the silence of the grave thus rests upon no small part of our young friend's life, I find myself in possession of more facts, by the kindness of some of his companions in arms, than I have time now to present. I must make a selection among these, and pass over much that otherwise I should be glad to narrate. No truer soldier ever faced the missiles of death. No young officer in the army had won a prouder position than he in the confidence and admiration of his commanders. He has already written his name in the history of his coun-

try. In Colonel, afterward General Hunt's official report of the part his regiment took in the battle of Kinston, he makes special mention of Adjutant Ward, with two other officers, as "conspicuous for gallantry and meritorious conduct." He was often intrusted with the conduct of secret expeditions, requiring circumspection and courage in equal measures. Fond of adventure, and full of ambition, he was selected to conduct scouting-parties; and considering the risks he ran, he was remarkably successful. When General Palmer was asked why he always selected young Ward for this difficult and perilous service, he said: "I do not know, unless it be that he always does it so promptly and so well." The spirit and resources of a soldier are often more severely tested in scouting-parties, which are conducted secretly, and the details of which seldom if ever get into print, than in the grand evolutions of a formal battle. "You should have seen us," he once wrote, "riding through the

wood, with our reins in our left hands, a revolver in our right, and every one of us looking in a different direction. We had twenty-four shots in all, four good revolvers, and any thing less than a dozen guerrillas would have found us a tough bone to pick; but luckily for us and for them, we did not meet any."

I feel constrained to pass over much that has deeply interested my own mind—as, for example, the heroic defense of a fort on the east side of the Neuse, opposite New-Bern, by his single regiment, left alone with three or four hundred, to keep at bay as many thousands. He was sitting on his military chest in the early gray of the morning, and the first cannon-shot that entered the fort passed directly through the other end of the chest, which had been his bed; the imperturbable young soldier manifested no excitement. The chest is here to testify to his narrow escape; but he never spoke of it, and seems not to have minded it. In anticipation of a

second attack upon the fort, he wrote as follows: "With God to help us, we can with three hundred and fifty men repel three thousand over again. I put my strength in Him, and I believe that He will be with us in the day of battle, and that He will fight for us. Do not be worried or anxious about me, my dear parents; God will protect me, and if I am to die, I can do so cheerfully, willingly for my country. There is no nobler grave than a patriot's; and if God wills that I die, I can do so, trusting in the atoning blood of His dear Son."

DEFENSE OF NEW-BERN.

Omitting other passages of his history—although in themselves interesting—I will use what time I have in narrating Lieutenant Ward's connection with the defense of New-Bern, when desperately attacked by the rebels on the first of February, 1864. I derive the facts from his own letters, and from a very interesting and luminous narrative con-

tained in a letter from Colonel Savage, of the Twelfth New-York Cavalry, whose acquaintance with our young friend commenced with these events, and who writes from his own personal knowledge.

It was about two o'clock in the morning that a furious assault was made upon the Union outposts at Bachelor's Creek, and although stoutly resisted, it resulted in forcing that position, and compelling a withdrawal of all our forces behind the fortifications of New-Bern. Most unhappily, by the suddenness of the rebel advance, a detachment of the First North-Carolina Union volunteers was cut off, six or eight miles in the interior, and although at the last accounts they had not been attacked, nor apparently discovered, it was obvious that they could hold their position but a few hours. Their condition awakened the liveliest sympathy, as it was known the enemy would give these native North-Carolinians no quarter. The rebels would tolerate no rebellion against them-

selves. With characteristic alacrity and zeal Lieutenant Ward volunteered to carry dispatches from General Palmer to these beleaguered patriots; and he evinced so much skill and determination in the execution of this commission, that although he was unsuccessful, he drew to himself the attention and admiration of Colonel Savage, who afterward became his commanding officer, and his intimate personal friend. Communication by land being utterly cut off, the young Lieutenant conceived the idea of reaching them by water; and for this purpose he embarked in a row-boat, the gig of the Underwriter; and taking with him five armed men and an acting master, with a scout, he got through the rebel lines an hour or two after midnight, during a severe rain, and in the deepest darkness. The achievement was wonderful; he passed within twenty feet of the enemy's pickets, and heard their conversation while he threaded the tortuous channel of the creek for a distance of fifteen miles. When he

found himself about three miles from the place he wished to reach, he landed with his party, and made two attempts to get through the swamp to our men, but found it impossible. Meantime the night was wearing away; he had to retrace his steps; the river was swarming with boats; and as appeared afterward, they had observed his ascent, and were sure of his capture in returning. A bright light began to illuminate the heavens over New-Bern; it was, as he learned afterward, the burning of the Underwriter by the boats through which he had been so providentially guided. Heavy firing followed; and the gray dawn was appearing in the east. The General had given him up for lost; but shortly after daylight he regained the city. But the poor Union North-Carolinians were left to their fate—a fate so melancholy, that it forms one of the darkest pages in the history of a war, among the saddest and most atrocious of history.

The rebels, about fifteen thousand strong,

had also cut off communication between New-Bern and Beaufort; and Lieutenant Ward was next commissioned to open this with an iron-clad car. In the last sixty-eight hours he had been in the saddle with but two hours' sleep; but before going to bed he writes to his parents: "Don't be worried about my going to Beaufort to-morrow, as I shall be in an *iron-clad* with two pieces of artillery." He was successful; and it must have been a happy moment with the young soldier when he penned this hasty and blurred postscript: "I have got here safely, and opened the communications with Beaufort. I inclose you a despatch General Palmer sent me last night." It was in these words:

"Lieutenant Ward, you have done well to-day. Come back as soon as you can conveniently. GENERAL PALMER."

TESTIMONY OF COLONEL SAVAGE.

I have compiled this narrative, in part from the letters of the writer himself, and in part

from Colonel Savage's account; for what remains I am indebted solely to the latter; and I will quote his own words:

"After the repulse of the enemy on this occasion, my intimacy with Mr. Ward gradually increased, until he was a frequent and welcome visitor at my camp, and I never rode into New-Bern without calling at his quarters. We were not, however, together again in any action until the fourth of May, when the rebel forces attacked the camp of the Twelfth New-York Cavalry, on the Trent road, about seven miles from New-Bern. Hardly had my telegram announcing this fact had time to reach New-Bern, as I supposed, when the Lieutenant galloped up to my quarters as full of glee and enthusiasm as if he had been invited to a festival instead of a battle. For the next two or three days he seemed almost ubiquitous. The assault was no sooner repulsed on the Trent road, than he had crossed the river to meet a new movement on the south side. Now pene-

trating with the 'monitor,' an iron-clad car, (which was his especial pet,) down the railroad far within the enemy's lines, giving them a few charges of shell and grape, and getting back before the track could be torn up in his rear; now borrowing a few of my men for a dash at some out-lying picket; now crawling out alone to ascertain some position, and now politely meeting some flag of truce; he did perhaps more than any other man to magnify our strength and dishearten the confederates, who, after some vain attempts to frighten the commanding general, at last sullenly retired.

"Lieutenant Ward's coolness in action was perhaps never more strikingly illustrated than in a little skirmish which occurred in the evening of the twenty-second of June, 1864, at Sneed's Ferry, on the New River, in North-Carolina. A small cavalry column, after a three days' march, was approaching that place just at night-fall, and in passing through a narrow defile, thickly

wooded, came upon an ambuscade, so skillfully arranged and hidden, that the advance-guard was almost in the midst of it before it was discovered. At the first volley the horse of Captain M., who, with Lieutenant Ward and one or two other officers, was riding at the head of the column, was shot, and fell upon him, crushing his leg and pinning him to the ground. And as the head of the column slightly wavered for a moment with the sudden surprise, the Lieutenant was left sitting almost alone on his horse, a plain mark for a body of sharpshooters who were firing at him from a distance of not over five yards. It is, of course, little credit to him to say that he sat quietly upon his horse waiting for orders, with death apparently certain before him; but, in addition to this, there was an ease and *nonchalance* in his demeanor, which made a deep impression upon me at the time, and which I can never forget. A moment afterwards his horse was creased by a bullet and fell, car-

rying the Lieutenant with him, into a ditch by the road-side. I had hardly noticed his disappearance, when I heard his cool, quiet, measured tones at my side: 'Colonel, you see I am dismounted: have you any orders for me?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'get Captain M. out from under his horse.' Captain M. had fallen so near the bushes, that he could have been easily reached with a bayonet from the ambush, and the Lieutenant could not see, as I could from my horse, that our opponents were beginning to leave their position. To him, therefore, it was as if I had ordered him to throw himself upon the enemy's weapons. He glanced at my face with a look of half surprise, as if to see if I were in earnest, but turned immediately and stepped as coolly as if on dress-parade up to the Captain, where I saw him a moment after tugging at the dead horse's tail with all his might."*

* See Appendix A.

HIS LAST EXPEDITION.

Our young friend did not receive his death-wound from the enemies of his country. It pleased God to order it otherwise. On an expedition, in an unsuspecting moment, when danger and death were unthought of, by the careless handling of a fire-arm in his own hand and that of a friend, the fatal bullet entered his body, and he fell in death, almost as soon as he was aware that he was hurt.* To human eyes it was an accident; but there is no hap-hazard with God. We bow to the event, assured that God has some good purpose to subserve; and with this confidence, we can afford to wait until the perfect light shall chase all shadows from our hearts. I shall not attempt to describe the effect produced by his sudden death, alike in the army and here among his home friends. A fellow-officer, in a letter to his friends in an adjoining State, describes in a few words the funeral

* Appendix B.

scene at New-Bern: "I had the sad pleasure of attending to every little particular connected with the funeral, from the time the body arrived here, till we laid it gently down aboard the steamer. I never witnessed a more impressive scene than that procession. An escort of his own company; a band playing a solemn dirge; the hearse containing the mortal part of my dear, dear Ward; his favorite horse, led by his servant; and from fifty to sixty officers following each other, each one a sincere mourner."

"The influence of that life has survived him," writes a soldier. "I have seen this in North-Carolina. It must be so in New-York. Strange as it seems to us that Giles was not permtted to fill out his life with the richness and ripeness it promised, I must believe that his death has spoken as loudly as his life could have done to his associates; and perhaps he wields a stronger weapon than ever against sin and wrong."

"I forbear," wrote his Colonel, "all account of the last few days of his short life. He parted from me with an expression of regret that he was obliged to go, and a wish that he could remain with his company, to which he had become so much attached. I never saw him afterwards. But during the long and tedious marches, and the sharp conflicts that the regiment was subsequently destined to pass through, there was not a day that I did not miss the young hero, always so ready, so gallant, so soldierly, and so gentle. Such were the fascinations of his manner, and the winning sweetness of his disposition, that there was not perhaps a man in the district more beloved by all classes than he. His death, therefore, was not less saddening than sudden and terrible. But so thoughtful, devout, and conscientious was he, so accustomed to face death, that it doubtless had no such suddenness or terror for him. To him it was not

'So much even as the lifting of a latch:
Only a step into the open air
Out of a tent already luminous
With light that shines through its transparent walls.' "*

TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

It now remains for me to indicate some of the prominent traits of this remarkable young man. His was a character distinguished for its proportionateness and early maturity. In the visit which his father paid him just before his death, when he saw him in the midst of his command, dispatching business, and bearing upon his shoulders of less than twenty years, a weight of responsibility to which the broad shoulders of a ripened manhood would scarcely seem sufficient, the father felt that he had never known his son till then!

His was an earnest soul, and his life an earnest one. When at school and nine or ten years of age, he was looking forward to

* Appendix C.

manhood, and felt enkindling within him the desire to do something, not alone for his family and kindred, but for his country. As he grew in boyhood, he grew in thoughtfulness of future life, and in desire for usefulness. When the war broke out, and the boy of seventeen offered himself to go into the high places of the field, it was not a flash of enthusiasm, not a love of adventure, not a passion for military renown; all these motives would have spent themselves in three months of such unexampled privations, while his zeal steadily waxed in earnestness throughout the three years of his military life. It was demonstrably a sober sense of duty to God and his country that actuated him. Familiar with the drill, and conscious of the ability to do service as an officer, he gave himself to the Government, and never wavered in purpose; serving out his first term of enlistment, and then re-enlisting without even a furlough. It is indeed true that a military life was congenial

to his tastes; but not on this account did he go into the war, nor wish its continuance. Writing to his father, (April twenty-sixth, 1864,) he says: "On my own account, I care not how long this war may last; in fact, my tastes incline me to wish its continuance, for it gives me service and an occupation, not only honorable, but such an one as entirely suits with my disposition and inclinations · but for the sake of our poor unhappy country, I pray God to grant us peace, for I believe that the future welfare and the advancement of civilization depends in an eminent degree upon the result of this war."

INDIFFERENCE TO RANK.

The purity of his motives is singularly witnessed by his indifference to rank. He was once formally and officially offered a Major's commission in the Seventeenth Massachusetts. He debated the subject for several days, and at length made this reply: "If you will guarantee that the regiment

will shortly be ordered to the army of the Potomac, or elsewhere into active service, I will accept—otherwise, I shall consider it my duty to stay with the General." He was also offered a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in a new regiment of cavalry. Upon the expiration of his enlistment in the Ninety-second New-York Volunteers, it was General Palmer's wish to retain him in the service, and if possible, in North-Carolina. He accepted a Lieutenancy in the Twelfth New-York Cavalry; and declined a captaincy offered him by Colonel Savage, saying, that "for a while he preferred the rank he then held, and that his ambition was rather for distinction in the field than on the muster-roll." "I have no doubt," says the Colonel, "that this was the sincere feeling of his heart." He made this impression also upon his friends at home; his sense of duty caused those who loved him as their own life, to make it their sense of duty to comply with his wishes; and when his father was returning from the

grave of his only son, it was the recollection of this that led him to say: "I do not think I erred in giving him permission to go. Had I another son, and he should say to me, as Giles did, 'I feel it to be my duty to join the army in defense of my country's rights,' I would now say to him, Go!"

INDUSTRY.

It was part of the earnestness of his character, that he applied himself industriously to the duties of his profession. In childhood, owing perhaps to an intellectual development so far beyond his years, and so springing from the body rather than the mind, I find him described by his teachers, as manifesting "a certain indolence of disposition," making him "content to avoid censure, when he might have won the brightest honors of his class." In the army, however, there were no signs of lassitude or indolence. A fellow-lieutenant writes me: "He was never idle. He made himself a great deal

of work, which pertained to his staff position, and a great portion of his time was devoted to that. When not thus engaged, he was reading some standard military work, or studying tactics. On his table were always his Bible, Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery Tactics, Scott's Military Dictionary, and other works of importance to a soldier. He had been so long accustomed to the stirring duties and incidents of war-time, that it was not natural for him to study deeply any thing; but what time he could spare was not wasted with extraneous matters. To use an expression of his own, he 'put in every minute.'" Upon becoming an officer in a cavalry regiment, instead of remaining, as it had been supposed he would, on the staff of General Palmer, he joined his company at once, to fit himself for active duty in the field, then daily expected. "He commenced, therefore," writes Colonel Savage, "a rigid and thorough course of study and drill, under which he was qualifying himself with astonishing rapid-

ity for the duties of a cavalry officer; when he reluctantly left his books and exercising ground for the ill-fated expedition which cost him his life."

"A few nights before, in a bitterly cold season, upon an alarm that the outposts were attacked, he had turned out with his company, and had remained at his post, with all his customary cheerfulness and good nature, until all suspicion of danger was over. It was the last time that I saw him on duty, the last time but one that I ever saw him."

LOVE OF HOME.

He was exemplary in filial love and in attachment to his friends. Of his affection for his home, I have perhaps given proofs enough. But the ardor of his love for his home must be borne in mind to estimate aright the nobleness of his character; it was this that made his patriotism heroic, principled and Christian.

Writing from North-Carolina, on the

twenty-eighth of June, 1863, at a time, when a great number of the troops had been sent to the Peninsula, leaving but a handful to defend the conquests of the Union arms in that State, he resigns the prospect of seeing his home that summer, and says: "I think that in this, the darkest hour of the country's need, I love it better and revere it more than ever. One life seems little to offer to my country." Alluding to his father's ill-health and his anxiety to help him and the family, he adds: "Something tells me I am doing my duty, in fighting for my country; but I see so much distress and suffering among the poor inhabitants here, that it makes my heart ache. I was talking to one of them yesterday; and, speaking about the war and its consequences, she told me, that her greatest suffering and anxiety was for the poor soldiers, and that for that alone she wished this war over; and then she asked me if I had a mother, and talked to me as if I were a friend, or one of their own soldiers, instead

of an enemy. Oh! how I wish I could see my dear mother to-night, and give her one good-night kiss."

A boy who could write thus from the battle-field, long after its novelties had ceased to allure, and after long experience of its exposures and dangers, proves that he has kept unsoiled the purity he brought with him from his home, and has added to it the grandeur of a Christian patriotism.

HIS FRIENDSHIPS.

He was strong also in his friendships, although not forward to form intimacies, but slow to make acquaintances, and pronounced "formal even to coldness, toward strangers." When once he had chosen a friend, he was unreserved in his confidence, and ardent in his attachment. "I praise him," writes one of his comrades to me, "first and perhaps most of all, for his *friendship*. In health and sickness, danger and safety, joy and sorrow, prosperity and trial, it never faltered or

grew cold for an *instant.* He was *truer* than steel. His love was as gentle as the sunshine, and as strong as the everlasting hills. If I knew no more of his Christian life, than that he had once openly professed his love of God and Christ, I should be sure that months and years but added to the amount and strength of that love."

The care he took in forming his friendships is witnessed by a letter he wrote home, upon hearing that an officer had called at his father's house upon the strength of acquaintance with him. He wishes it to be distinctly understood, that the officer in question called by no suggestion of his; that although a man of acknowledged abilities, and capable of being an honor to his profession, and useful to the Government, yet addicted to gambling and profanity, and totally unprincipled, he had never ranked him among his friends, and abstained from all association with him, beyond the requirement of his official duties

HIS SELF-CONTROL.

He was endowed with an extraordinary mastery over his own feelings.

His face was the index of his character in this respect; it was remarkable for placidity; the full, round lines of childhood were carried into manhood—years of intense and excited activity writing no wrinkles, and leaving no trace of their passage, save an added brownness. His instructor at the Military Academy (Major Benjamin) says of him, while a boy in that school: "Nothing seemed to annoy him; certainly nothing was able to discompose him. Under those various circumstances which put other boys into a violent rage, he remained perfectly cool, and exercised his judgment as if nothing unusual were happening. Hence he not only won the esteem of his associates, but also obtained a great mastery over them. In the whole course of his studies at this Institution I do not remember that he was ever found in an-

ger with his fellow-students, or gave utterance to an impertinent word to his instructors."

Those who knew him in his army life, will recognize this portrait drawn from his boy life. A fellow-officer, who was with him every day, and saw him under all circumstances of trial, does not remember any instance, but says *that there was none*, when he "forgot himself, or lost his temper in the slightest degree."

There was something in his character, in this regard, that reminded one of the Father of his Country. Born on the twenty-second of February, and in his childhood dreaming of emulating the life of Washington, he suggested the parallel in after years, not to the fond and loving hearts of his own family, but to some who knew him only as they saw him in camp and on the battle-field. A physician, director of the Sanitary Commission in New-Bern, a stranger to the family, wrote of him: "I have time and again rigidly test-

ed his qualities of mind and heart, and invariably with the result compelling my admiration. He was as gentle in society as he was resolute in action. He had the cast of features and expression of countenance which favored my idea of Washington in his youth, and which made me the more curious to study his manners and actions."

HIS INTEGRITY AND PURITY.

But the crowning glory of his character was his high moral and religious principle. He was a faithful soldier of Jesus Christ. The purity he carried into the war he maintained through it. The innocence of childhood in him seemed naturally to harden into the integrity of manhood. When he had made up his mind what was right, it seemed as if temptations of ease, glory, and wealth had no power over him. A cotton speculator once offered him a chance to defraud the Government of a large amount, and appropriate it to himself. "The speculator,"

says an officer who knew of the transaction, "will never forget the rebuke he received from that honest boy." Remarkable for his self-control, if he ever lost it, it was in exposing wrong. He was a bold reprover. Wrong-doing served to level for him all distinctions of rank and position; and he did not hesitate to expose the offender, whoever he might be. He seemed, to some that heard him on such occasions, to suppose himself appointed, and especially privileged to hit sin wherever he could find it. At any rate he did it. And there are not a few, it is said, who still smart from the recollection of his unsparing rebuke and indignation.

PERSONAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

It is very seldom in a generation that so many and so different traits blend into the harmony of a single character; honor with the humility of Christian discipleship; physical beauty and strength with a mind well-endowed and cultured with study; a fiery

ambition with indifference to mere distinctions of rank. Beauty of person was in him a rare symbol of the inner beauty of his soul. It was said of him in the army, that he could ride farther and faster in a given time than any body else; he could sail and row a boat better; hit a mark with a carbine oftener; go longer without food or sleep; in a word, he combined, to an extraordinary degree, the graces and accomplishments of person which in all ages have been the special ambition of the gentleman and soldier. He was the best shot in his regiment, as was established by the shooting-matches held every morning after breakfast. The mark, on one occasion, was a small piece of paper, fixed by a pin in the centre to a board twenty-two rods off. The paper was struck by two of his fellow-officers—one cutting off an edge, and another passing his ball through a corner; but he drove the pin through the board.

FINAL ESTIMATE.

May I not add in conclusion, and will any one who has listened to the facts I have presented impute to me the partiality of a friend and pastor in saying, that this war, remarkable as it has been in almost every feature, and most of all in the wealth of heroic character it has developed, has brought to light none who at his age has accomplished more, and no name deserving a more affectionate and honorable remembrance among the young men of the land? The grave has closed over him, not to hide him from sight, but to put the seal of consecration upon his young life, and for the ages to come to identify his spirit with the spirit of the youth of this land. In his own words, spoken by him, when facing death, and communing with all that is terrible in it: "There is no nobler grave than a patriot's; and if God wills that I die, I can do so cheerfully, willingly for my country, trusting in the atoning

blood of his dear Son." He is filling* today a patriot's grave in the soil of a State holding with his the ashes of Winthrop and Lyon and Sedgwick. He lies near the spot where the nimble feet of his boyhood skipped; within sight of the happy scenes of his childhood; the air that once rang with his merry laugh sighs above him; flowers shall bloom and snow fall, and ere long, all that loved him, and acted with him, shall be gathered to share his sleep: but no nobler grave than his will be there; and from no sleeping dust will purer inspirations arise, to nerve other generations for the exigencies that in other times are to come upon our country. The lines of our own Palmer, upon the burial of the lamented General Rice, are not less fitted to his fellow-patriot and Christian, Lieutenant Ward:

"Rest, soldier, rest! thy weary task is done;
Thy God, thy country, thou hast served them well:

* Appendix D.

Thine is true glory—glory bravely won :
On lips of men unborn thy name shall dwell.

"Rest, patriot, Christian ! thou hast early died,
But days are measured best by noble deeds ;
Brief though thy course, thy name thou hast allied
To those of whom the *world* admiring reads.

"Rest, manly form ! eternal love shall keep
Thy still repose, till breaks the final dawn ;
Our martyr sleeps not there—*he knew no sleep !*
On death's dark shadow burst a cloudless morn !

"Live ! live on fame's bright scroll, heroic friend !
Thy memory now we to her record give—
To earth, thy dust : our thoughts to heaven ascend,
Where, with the immortals, thou dost ever live !"

APPENDIX.

A.

In addition to the extracts from Lieutenant Ward's letters, made in the discourse, it has been thought best to append such others as bear upon his military experience. The last of those which follow, bearing the date of January sixth, 1865, was the last he ever wrote:

June 26, 1862.

We are fortifying our camp very strongly, as we expect an attack from the rebels from Charles City. But we have a strong position, well defended naturally, and plenty of artillery.

They had a severe engagement yesterday in our front, and we hear that our men drove the enemy some two miles, taking two forts

and thirty odd pieces of artillery. I was thirteen hours in the trenches yesterday. Major King, who had the superintendence of the work, detached me from my command to assist him in laying out the line of fortifications and superintending their construction. I did not eat a mouthful from breakfast, at five o'clock, until this morning—only drank a cup of tea last night; but was too exhausted to eat.

General Wessells praised our camp and that of the Eighty-first New-York as the neatest, best, and cleanest in the whole division.

Copy of a letter written in pencil on some leaves from his memorandum-book, during the retreat across the Peninsula to Harrison's Landing:

On the March, July 4, 1862.

My Dear Father: When you learn what I have been doing the past week, you will doubtless understand why I have not written you. Last Friday the terrible battle on the right of our lines was fought; and on Saturday I was detailed with sixty men to build a bridge, which was to aid our army in crossing White Oak Swamp. I was hard at

work there until seven o'clock in the evening, when we returned to our camp for the night. Sunday morning, at eight o'clock, we took up our line of march, and marched a few miles, and then rested about an hour, when we started again, and marched all the rest of the day, all night, and next day, until ten o'clock, when we stopped to get our breakfast, and then marched until night. At night we slept in a wheat-field, with no tents, and were up at three o'clock in the morning in line of battle, to cover the retreat, as we were bringing up the rear. About noon we started again, and marched till night, and camped in the edge of the woods, sleeping on our arms, as we expected an attack before morning. At two o'clock we started to cover the retreat again, and marched till three o'clock in the afternoon, when we got breakfast, dinner, and supper together; and then the rebels commenced throwing shells at us, when we started down into the woods about half a mile in our rear, to hold them in check until the wagons could get down to the river. Our regiment was alone, excepting two pieces of artillery and two companies of cavalry; and we were to hold our position at all hazards until reënforcements could be sent from the

woods in our rear. While we were there, the shells flew over us pretty thick during the evening and the next day until night, when we came up to where we now are, thoroughly drenched with three days' rain, and so tired we could scarcely stand; and yet we had to wade through mud up to our knees that was just like quicksand; it would pull off the boots and shoes of the men, and some got stuck, and had to throw away all their things —knapsacks, blankets, ammunition, and every thing—and then half a dozen men pull them out. I tell you, the people of the North little understand or appreciate the hardships and sufferings of their defenders; and they little know the sleepless nights on pickets, the blistered feet on the march, the wet clothes and hungry stomachs of our brave soldiers! God grant that the war may soon be ended for the good of our country and the happiness of our people!

Before this you probably have accounts of the battles which have been fought for five successive days. We fought them; and I do not hesitate to say that in those five days more than twenty thousand men were killed on both sides, putting our loss and the rebels together. We have just been out in line to

salute General McClellan, who passed down the lines. Good by; love to all. From

GILEY.

Extract from a letter dated

CAMP NEAR JAMES RIVER, July 15, 1862.

O ——! if I could spend a Sabbath evening with you all, and sing those delightful hymns we used to sing, and hear dear Dr. Budington preach one of his good sermons! Just think! seven Sundays I have been away from you, and never heard one sermon! I hope, however, next Sunday to find a chaplain somewhere in the army, who is going to preach, and I assure you I shall go to hear him. Good by; God bless you all.

Your affectionate brother, GILES.

NEW-BERN, N. C., HEADQUARTERS NINETY-SECOND NEW-YORK STATE VOLUNTEERS, Jan. 6, 1863.

We left Suffolk on the morning of the fifth December, in a drizzling rain, upon a secret expedition, and marched twenty-three miles by two o'clock P.M.—one of the finest marches upon record. The next day, passing through Gatesville, we reached the Chowan River, where we embarked upon transports, which

brought us to New-Bern on the Tuesday night following. We disembarked Wednesday morning, and camped about one and a half miles from New-Bern, on the Kinston Road.

Thursday morning we started, and after skirmishing Friday and Saturday, met the enemy in force on Sunday morning about nine o'clock.

The Ninth New-Jersey were deployed in front as skirmishers, throwing their line across the road on both sides, in a dense swamp, up to their middles in water, where they engaged the enemy.

They fought about an hour, when the Veteran Brigade of General Wessells was ordered up. The Ninth reporting their ammunition expended, the *Ninety-second New-York, Colonel Hunt*, were ordered to relieve them, *which we did.*

Finding that we must leave our horses, Colonel Hunt and myself dismounted, when just as our feet touched the ground, a shell flew by, killing a man just behind me, and then bursting, carried away the top of our flagstaff. If we had not dismounted just at that moment, we must, one of us, have been killed.

Sending our horses to the rear, we filed into the woods, and relieved the Ninth New-Jersey,

who immediately fell back, leaving the Ninety-second, with two hundred and fifty men, to hold the position which they had held, being one thousand one hundred strong; but we did it. We were now hotly engaged with the enemy, when some four of our companies on the left, (being in more open ground,) under the command of Captains Merriman and Bice and Lieutenant Babcock, charged the enemy with the bayonet; but they were met with a terrific volley, which compelled them to retire to their former position.

At this critical moment, Colonel Hunt ordered me to go to General Wessells and ask for reënforcements; and he (Colonel Hunt) separated his right and left wings, leaving the middle perfectly open, where the enemy were pouring in their hottest fire, thinking we were there, as we were concealed from view by the thick underbrush in the swamp. I hurried back as fast as my weary legs would carry me, covered with mud and dirt, and soaking wet from my hips down.

On my way to the General, I found Major Kennedy with two batteries of artillery firing too far off to the right. He asked me for information, and I directed him where to aim to make his fire effective, and he did so.

General Wessells gave me the Forty-fifth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers for reenforcements; and I led them into the swamp in the opening which I already mentioned Colonel Hunt had made. I told the Colonel of the Forty-fifth to reserve his fire, for fear some of my own regiment were in his front; and we continued to advance silently, until nearly across the swamp, when the enemy opened on us with a terrific volley, laying several of the brave boys on their backs. I then gave the order to fire, and we poured in a volley that paid them back with interest. After getting them pretty well into position, I left them to find Colonel Hunt, whom I found on the left; and by that time the enemy were retreating across the bridge, which they set on fire; but we followed them so close as to extinguish the flames and cross after them.

I had some narrow escapes, but, thank God, escaped with a whole skin.

After fighting them at Whitehall and Evartsville, we returned to New-Bern.

New-Bern, N. C., March 16, 1863.

My Dear Father: In the mercy of God, I have been spared through another fight. As I told you before I left home, our regiment is on the east side of the Neuse River, opposite New-Bern, and alone, where they have built a fort. Well, last Saturday, the anniversary of the taking of New-Bern, about five o'clock in the morning, our pickets sent in word that the rebels were advancing with artillery. We aroused the camp and got into line of battle, three hundred and fifty strong; and just then the pickets commenced firing. Our pickets shot from fifteen to twenty of them, and then came into the fort. By that time the rebels had planted two six-gun batteries of Parrott guns, about eight hundred yards from the fort, and one battery on each flank, about one half mile distant, making twenty-four guns in all; and we had not a piece of artillery in the fort.

General Pettigrew, who commanded the rebels, sent a captain of his staff with a flag of truce, demanding a surrender, which was refused, and we asked for half an hour, to send across the river to ask General Foster if we should surrender. It was only to gain time, though, for him to send us reënforcements. It was granted.

At the expiration of the half-hour, our boat not having returned, General Pettigrew sent down word that he could give no longer time, and again demanded a surrender. Our answer was: "We will not surrender." He then opened on us with eighteen pieces of artillery, setting fire to our camp and riddling the tents with balls, killing two horses, wounding three men, and both my horses, one after the other.

They shelled us three hours at a terrific rate. I was struck by a splinter in the leg, just above the knee, but it did not break the skin.

Our gunboats at last got the range of the rebels, killing and wounding some fifty of them; and they then drew off for the night, losing one piece of artillery, which was dismounted.

General Foster then sent over the Eighty-fifth New-York to our assistance; but the fight was over. The next morning I took a company out and skirmished through the woods about three miles; but they had retreated.

I must close now. God bless you all!

From GILIE.

HEADQUARTERS NINETY-SECOND NEW-YORK STATE VOLUNTEERS, April 7, 1863.

I was much disappointed on the arrival of a mail to-day, to receive no letters, but shall expect several the next mail.

I believe I wrote that there had been some fighting about twenty-five miles from here, at Little Washington, North-Carolina. There has been less firing to-day than on any day for a week.

It is reported that the rebels are fifty thousand strong, with eighty pieces of artillery, and that they have got our troops into a pretty tight place. General Foster is there, and can't get away, for the rebels have surrounded him and blockaded the river, so that our gunboats can not get within six miles of the place without a "right smart fight."

Our provision and ammunition-boats succeeded, however, in running the blockade the other day; and General Foster can now hold out for a month, at the least calculation, and in less than a week the rebels will have something in their rear. I could tell you more, but military necessities will not permit; but if you should hear of a big fight, and a brilliant victory, *don't be surprised.*

The rebels got sold pretty well the other

night by us. Our pickets in the daytime are thrown out about a mile; but in the night we draw them in to about one thousand yards from the fort. Our extreme left-flank post, in the day-time, is at a house called "Gascon's house;" but at night it is not within half a mile of it. Well, the other night about eleven o'clock, the rebels, about twenty strong, crept through the woods to this house, hoping to shoot some of our men; and when about a dozen yards from the house, they fired a volley, and ran, supposing of course that they had killed half a dozen or so; but the joke of it was, we had not a man within half a mile of them.

You see by this the kind of men that Jeff Davis employs—I don't mean to say all their army are such; but their guerrillas are the meanest, most despicable, cowardly murderers—nothing more or less.

As I write, thousands of troops are landing at our fort, bound for Little Washington. God go with them!

FORT ANDERSON, May 10, 1863.

What is the feeling at home in regard to the draft, and a vigorous prosecution of the war? I do wish the people were more enthusiastic. If the Government allow themselves to be lulled into a feeling of security by the reports of famine in the South, the rebels will find means of supplying themselves for a vigorous fall campaign. But if, on the contrary, we push forward and constantly engage the enemy wherever we meet them, I believe we can dishearten them sufficiently to cause a revolt among the people.

I know the truth of the reports of famine among them; day after day, men, women, and children come to our lines to get into New-Bern to buy bread, and beg to be allowed to enter the lines; the women weeping and the children crying for food: but it can not be; many of them are spies, and we can not sacrifice our cause to alleviate the sufferings of a minority; but it can not last long. Those men will not stand idly by and see their wives, mothers, and children dying of hunger, and their sons oftentimes taken by force from their homes, to fill the ranks of the tyrant government that has reduced them to these sufferings. They will cry aloud for justice;

and I believe a few victories on our part would give spirit enough to the haters of the rebel government to cause them to revolt against it. Already several *bread riots* have occurred in this State. Women, armed with axes and knives, have gone to the government store-houses in Wilmington and taken flour by force. I have settled into an inveterate hatred of the North-Carolina rebels. The cowardly manner in which they carry on their guerrilla warfare — shooting our men from behind trees, and in the swamps—makes me despise them.

HEADQUARTERS NINETY-SECOND NEW-YORK STATE VOLUNTEERS, June 28, 1863.

This is the evening of a beautiful quiet Sabbath, upon which I have been thinking often and much of home. My duties to-day kept me in camp, and I have really enjoyed the calmness and serenity of the day.

This morning a mail arrived, bringing me a number of papers, but no letters ; which is accounted for, I suppose, by your having sent them by Dr. M.

I wish very much I could see all my dear family this summer; but it can not be. We have sent a great number of our troops from

here to the Peninsula, leaving us a mere handful to defend the place, if attacked; but those left are men to be relied on.

Thank God that I belong to a regiment universally acknowledged as "a fighting regiment," not one struggling under the imputation of cowardice, afraid to give their lives to their country, or to trust them with God.

I think that in this, the darkest hour of my country's need, I love it better, reverence it more than ever. One life seems little to offer to my country.

We have raised a fine flag-pole in our fort; and to-day the "Star-Spangled Banner" first floated o'er our works. God grant no rebel flag may ever usurp its place!

I have a friend in the regiment whom I hope one day to introduce to you. I am very much attached to him, and I think he is to me. He is not a Christian, but he is an honorable, upright man, and I hope one day to see him become a true Christian.

July 11, 1863.

Last night about ten o'clock, I received your welcome letters and papers of the seventh, with the news of our glorious victory in Pennsylvania, and the surrender of Vicksburgh. You can have no idea of the enthusiasm of the troops at this news. From all I can learn, the loss of life must have been equal if not greater in Pennsylvania than in any other series of battles during the war.

We are looking for a demonstration from the rebels in this State soon. I think if driven from Virginia, the rebels will make North- and South-Carolina the battle-ground; if so, "hurrah for active service!" I am heartily tired of inactivity, and would give six months' pay to be with the dear old army of the Potomac. I expect if you could look in upon us now, you would ask if these were the hardships of war. We have nice, new, clean tents, the camp laid out handsomely inside of the fort, and every thing as comfortable as could be.

July 12, 1863.

This morning, after "guard-mounting" I was walking toward my tent, to lay aside my sword and sash, and happened to turn around to speak to an officer, when pop! pop! pop! went the guns on the picket-line.

We took no notice of the first two or three; but when they continued about as fast and thick as popping corn, the order was given to "*fall in!*" and man the guns and breast-works. I heard the firing on the extreme picket-post, on the left flank, and immediately surmised that the rebels had either made a dash on that post to capture it, or were driving in the pickets to attack the forts.

I immediately went to the Colonel's quarters (who is sick in bed) and asked him if I might drop a few shells amongst them. He assented, and I ordered the guns loaded, and gave them a couple of thirty-two pound shell, which burst very near them, and they immediately "skedaddled" for the woods. We continued shelling the woods for several minutes, and then deployed skirmishers down to the front; but they had left, taking with them a sergeant, corporal, and three men, who were on the outpost; also a young fellow, who lived in a house right there, as a conscript.

It did not amount to any fight at all; and I only speak of it to show how little one knows of to-morrow. But I have permission to go out to-morrow with a company of cavalry, and I think we can "spot" some of them.

I hope the news from General Meade, and the army of the Potomac continues as encouraging as the last we had. I am very much of the opinion, that if driven from Virginia, the State of North-Carolina will be made the battle-ground by the rebels. I hope so.

July 19, 1863.

The news from New-York City is truly appalling. I am very anxious, my darling mother, to hear from you, whether there has been any serious riot in Brooklyn, and whether the disturbances have reached your section of the city. I hope and trust that our Government will enforce the draft against all and every opposition. Oh! if our little brigade were only in the city now, we would show those ungodly men that those who have faced death an hundred times were not to be intimidated by a lawless mob, nor overwhelmed by any numbers that might be brought against them. I wish I might have the privilege of helping to

put down the riot; but until the danger is more pressing, I feel that my duty keeps me here. I wish you were all in S—— during these troublous times.

We had divine services in camp to-day, and quite a good attendance; and I don't think I ever had a sermon comfort me so much as this one, from the text, "The Lord reigneth."

January 12, 1864.

Just to think, that in a month more, and it will be a year since I have seen you, my darling S——. How many changes have taken place in that year! Often at night in my room I sit and conjure up before me the forms of those I love so dearly; and I love to think they have not changed since last I saw them. How I long to come home and see you all! I can hardly wait; but duty bids me do so, and I suppose I must.

Do you remember my telling you last winter that I had bought a horse for you? Well, I have him still, and he is acknowledged by every body to be the most beautiful horse in the department, as well as the best. I can jump a six-rail fence with him as easily as most horses would jump four; and I have jumped him over a road that was blockaded

by the rebels for a quarter of a mile by felling large trees across it where it passed through a swamp.

On an expedition a few weeks since, I led a troop of cavalry over such a place where almost every horse in the troop was thrown, and some of the men badly hurt, while "Wheaton," as I call him, went over it like a squirrel. He is a perfect beauty, and if I keep him until the war is over, I think he will be the pride of the family; he has been wounded twice, but I think all the more of him for it.

HEADQUARTERS, NEW-BERN,
April 21, 1864.

My plans, as regards coming home the last of this month, are broken up again.

Three days ago the enemy attacked Plymouth, North-Carolina, and by this time it is probably in their hands.

An *iron-clad ram* sunk one of our largest and best gun-boats, steamed past our forts without firing a shot, and quietly anchored below the town of Plymouth, without having showed a man or a gun.

A *hundred-pound Parrot-shell*, fired at from twelve to fifteen feet from her, made no impression; and a nine-inch Dahlgren shell, fired

at the same distance, was broken to pieces against her sides, and four of the pieces rebounded, killing Captain Flusser, of the gunboat Miami, one of the most brilliant and daring officers of our navy.

General Wessells, our old brigade commander, was in command at Plymouth, and although nothing definite is known, I am afraid the poor old man is on his way to Richmond.

We shall probably have it thick and heavy here in the course of a few days, but feel confident of our ability to withstand a very determined attack. Further news I can not give you, as this is all that can be divulged at present.

God bless you all, is the sincere prayer of yours, GILES.

May 10, 1864.

Last Wednesday night, about dark, Colonel Savage, commanding our cavalry out-posts, telegraphed that he was attacked at Deep Gully, (ten miles from here,) and driven to Rocky Run, (two miles nearer).

About ten o'clock the General ordered me to take an orderly and ride out to Rocky Run and remain with Colonel Savage, and if the enemy did not attack us at daylight, that we

should attack them. I did so, and at daylight we attacked them with four squadrons of cavalry and two pieces of artillery; but they were too strong for us. We fought them until ten o'clock, when we retired to Rocky Run, and I rode to New-Bern to report to the General. At twelve o'clock that day the General ordered me to take the "Monitor," an iron-clad car which we have here, and which is musket-proof, and carries two pieces of artillery, and to attack the enemy on the railroad, which I did. They replied to me at one o'clock with six pieces of artillery, but I silenced their battery four times. At four o'clock, two gun-boats were sent by General Palmer down the river to assist me—he seeing that I was having a pretty hard time—and in about an hour after we had completely silenced them. About five o'clock I fell back on New-Bern, having fired two hundred and fifty rounds of shell, exhausting all my ammunition. That night I allowed my men to rest, and the next morning ran down to the edge of the woods to open on the enemy again; but they sent in a "flag of truce," asking a personal conference with General Palmer, which he refused them, and authorized me to receive their

communication, which was a demand for the surrender of New-Bern.

Major Read, of the rebel artillery, delivered the message to me, and I laughed in his face. I could not help it. I delivered the message to General Palmer, who gave me my instructions, and I then went back to the Major and told him that General Palmer desired me to say to him that he considered his demand a mere "*ruse de guerre*," and hardly worth an answer; but if he wanted New-Bern he must come and take it; and that he could have thirty minutes to get back to his lines before Lieutenant Ward opened on him with the "Monitor." I then saluted the Major, and got on my horse, saying to him as I turned to go away: "I hope we shall meet this afternoon, Major." He replied that, "he didn't think we would." In half an hour I opened upon them with my guns, shelling the woods as I ran down, and getting to where their battery was posted the day before, I found they had left.

New-Bern, August 2, 1864.

I returned day before yesterday from an expedition up the Chowan River, (not the one I wrote you about; that has been postponed for the present,) on which I was quite successful. A week ago to-day the General called me down to his house, and pointed out to me on the map where I was to go. I started that night with the steamer Massassoit, sixty-five men and two guns; went to Roanoke Island, and from there to the mouth of the Roanoke River, about seven miles from the rebel ram. Captain Macomb, of the navy, placed the gunboat Whitehead under my orders. The Thomas Collier reported to me from New-Bern. I then started up the Chowan River, stopped at Winton, where I captured a quantity of cotton and tobacco, burnt a large amount of commissary stores, and then started up the river to Manning's Ferry, at the head of the Chowan, to draw the enemy's batteries up the river. I then turned right round, came down to Gale's Ferry, landed with twenty men, started up the road to Gatesville, where I captured the rebel steamer Arrow, (which they captured from us last year on the canal,) put a detachment on board of her with a pilot, (also ten

bales of cotton which she had landed there,) and sent her down the creek, capturing her picket-boat as she came down. I then went to Coleraine, where I captured a large quantity of cotton and tobacco—which, by the way, I had pretty hard work to get down to my boats, as I had to catch the horses, find wagons, make harness of ropes, and impress "contrabands" to drive them; and when I got the bales and boxes to the river, I had six men pick up a bale and wade in up to their waists, load a launch, shove it off to the steamers, unload it, and go back for more. The enemy made their appearance first at Winton, which place they shelled about two hours; they then came down to Coleraine and commenced driving my pickets in just as I got the last bale of cotton on board. I hauled out into the stream, said "Good evening!" to them, and left. But the best thing of all was, the *ram dared not come out of the Roanoke River and chase us.*

By looking at the map you will see that by coming about ten miles from Plymouth she could have blockaded us in the Chowan.

If she had done so, I should I have run into her with the Thomas Collier, and something would have gone down.

On the expedition I got about one hundred thousand dollars' worth of cotton; about twenty thousand dollars' worth of tobacco; and miscellaneous stuff, such as leather, bacon, etc., to the amount of ten thousand dollars. I don't know the value of the Arrow.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., January 6, 1865.

At last I have arrived at the height of my ambition, the command of a troop of cavalry, and I have proved what I always believed, that I could whip two rebels to one.

I was sent on the thirtieth of last month in command of an expedition, consisting of two companies of infantry, one piece of artillery, and my own troops, in the direction of Williamston to develop the enemy's strength and position. I built a bridge at Jamesville, left my infantry and artillery there to hold it until my return, and pushed on with my cavalry, (about forty men,) at three o'clock in the morning, toward Williamston. A large and deep creek runs down to the Roanoke River, about two miles this side of the town, and about three miles this side of the creek the road forks — one fork leading to Leggett's Bridge, and the other to Foster's Mills.

I took the right-hand fork to the bridge, and found it burnt; I then marched back at a trot, intending to take the other road; but when I got to the forks I found the rebels, about two hundred strong, in line of battle across the road. Well, there was only one thing to be done, and I gave the order to "charge with pistols," and we dashed through them like the wind. When I got through, "my blood was up," and I gave the order to "wheel about and charge again," which we did, scattering them into the woods.

I picked out the nearest man, rode him down, mounted him behind one of my men, and started for home at a trot. We got safely back with the loss of one horse shot.

I am very well indeed, and hope to see some active service this winter; and if my life is spared, will come home as soon as it is over to make you a short visit.

Good by, my darling mother; God bless you, is the prayer of your loving son,

GILIE.

B.

THE sad event was announced to the family by the following letters of Colonel Frankle and General Palmer:

COLERAINE, N. C., January 29, 1865.

Brigadier-General I. N. Palmer:

GENERAL: It becomes my painful duty to inform you of the death of Lieutenant G. F. Ward, Twelfth New-York Cavalry.

His troop, under command of Captain Horn, of the same regiment, had halted at the house of Mr. Stevenson, six miles from Coleraine, previous to engaging the enemy, a few miles distant. While there, the sad accident occurred.

Lieutenant Ward was almost instantly killed by the accidental charge of a pistol in the hands of Captain Horn. The ball must have passed through his heart, as he did not speak afterward.

I was not present at the time, but arrived a short time afterward, learning the facts from Lieutenant Turner, who was present, and who will give you further particulars.

I will not attempt to express my feelings

in view of this melancholy event. He was brave and generous, beloved by his fellow-officers. Just in the bloom of manhood, he was developing a character which would have made him an illustrious ornament to his profession, as well as the social circle in which he moved.

His moral courage added grace to his valor as a soldier; and when we think of all his noble qualities, we wonder why death should mark him so soon.

But I can scarcely imagine the painful feelings that will move you, sir, on receiving this sad intelligence. You have known him longer and better than I, and the relations between you and our lamented friend, I am aware, were of no common kind.

I can not do more than tender the deepest sympathy for yourself and his many friends in this department, as well as for his afflicted relatives at home.

My deep grief must be my only apology for addressing a superior in this unofficial way.

I will add, that Captain Horn is suffering the most severe mental torture, and deserves the heartiest sympathy and consolation from all his friends.

Captain Bradley will report to you in charge of the remains and effects of the deceased.

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant, JONES FRANKLE,
Colonel Second Massachusetts Artillery.

NEW-BERN, N. C., February 1, 1865.

MY DEAR MR. WARD: We are overwhelmed with grief at the sad news contained in the inclosed letter. I hope the terrible news has been broken to you before this will reach you. I *can not* write now, but I will do so in a day or two. I wish you could come down here to see me. I can only now say that every thing that kind affectionate hearts could do has been done in this sad time. I send an officer home with the remains. May God give you all strength to bear up under this terrible crushing blow. Ever sincerely,

I. N. PALMER.

Mr. GILES F. WARD, Brooklyn.

C.

Among the tributes rendered to his memory are the following. The first is a record of the resolutions passed by the officers of his regiment; the second met the eye of his family only in the pages of the Brooklyn *Union;* the third appeared in the New-York *Observer.* Major Benjamin, from whose letter the first extract is taken, was the teacher of Giles in the Military Academy at Sing Sing:

At a meeting of the field, staff, and line officers of the Twelfth New-York Volunteer Cavalry, held at "Camp Palmer," out-posts, New-Bern, N. C., on the evening of February fifth, 1865, Major R. M. Taylor was chosen Chairman, and First Lieutenant A. J. Pierson, Secretary. The following preamble and resolutions were then read and unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased the Almighty God, in His all-wise providence, to take from us our beloved brother officer, First Lieutenant Giles F. Ward, Jr., Company L, Twelfth New-York Volunteer Cavalry, (and late A. D. C. to Brigadier-General I. N. Palmer,

Commanding District of North-Carolina,) while in the discharge of his duty on a scout near Coleraine, North-Carolina, on the twenty-eighth day of January, 1865;

Resolved, That, although Lieutenant Ward had been with us but a short time, he had endeared himself to us by his kind disposition, unflinching courage, and soldierly deportment.

Resolved, That in the death of our deceased brother-officer, the service of the State of New-York has lost one of its bravest officers, and our regiment one of its brightest ornaments.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with his family and friends in this their sad bereavement, who are left to mourn the loss of an affectionate son and brother, trusting that God, in His infinite mercy, will grant them strength to bear their sad affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased.

R. M. TAYLOR, Chairman,
Major Twelfth New-York Volunteer Cavalry.

JOHN S. LORD, Captain Twelfth New-York Cavalry,

JOSEPH M. FISH, Captain Twelfth New-York Cavalry,

R. J. H. RUSSELL, First Lieutenant Twelfth New-York Cavalry,

A. J. PIERSON, Secretary,
First Lieutenant Twelfth New-York Cavalry.

To the Editor of the Union:

It may be a satisfaction for those who were acquainted with Lieutenant Giles Ward, Jr., of this city, who was recently killed by the accidental discharge of a loaded pistol, to know that he died among friends, who fully appreciated all his noble and ennobling qualities of head and heart. I send you the postscript from a private letter received from Dr. J. W. Page, Director of the Sanitary Commission at New-Bern, North-Carolina, dated January thirtieth, 1865; the postscript dated Monday, ten P.M.

"The body of a young friend, Lieutenant Giles Ward, Jr., has just arrived from Plymouth. He was accidentally killed at a house on the Chowan by the imprudent handling of a loaded pistol. He was a manly fellow and gallant soldier. We have not in the service a more self-possessed yet dashing cavalry officer. I was with him a great deal in our recuperating excursions after we got up and were convalescent from the yellow-fever. His character was strongly marked with points of great merit and high promise. I have time and again rigidly tested his qualities of mind and heart, and invariably with a result compelling my admiration. He was as gentle in

society as he was resolute in action. He had the cast of features and expression of countenance which favored my idea of Washington in his youth, and which made me the more curious to study his manners and actions. He was our boldest and most sagacious scout, and while on the General's staff conducted successfully the most hazardous reconnoissances, bearding the enemy in his strongest positions, and bringing off his men unscathed. Once I remember his favorite gray gelding received three bullet-wounds in the neck, but brought his rider off safe.

Young Ward was a great favorite in the General's family, and his untimely death has filled them with grief. The General has just left my room, and seems much depressed at the loss of his friend and brave young Aid-de-camp."

From the New-York Observer.

LIEUTENANT GILES F. WARD, JR.

Died, near Coleraine, N. C., January twenty-eighth, Lieutenant Giles F. Ward, Jr., of Brooklyn, N. Y.

He had been nearly three years in the military service of his country, and, alike from

the ardor of his temperament and his adaptation to scouting enterprises, had been exposed to dangers innumerable and incredible, but died at length by accident, receiving the contents of a pistol in the hands of a brother-officer. Had he lived he would have been twenty years old on the twenty-second day of February; and yet this mere boy in years lived long enough to mature a character which, for manly qualities and Christian promise, has perhaps never been exceeded in the long list of heroic and brilliant youth who have yielded up their lives for their country in this civil war, and bequeathed to their countrymen an inspiration which shall breathe in their hearts through all the future of American history. He had received a military education, and entered the army from a sense of duty, alike Christian and patriotic; and when the term expired for which he had enlisted in the Ninety-second Regiment New-York Volunteers, he reënlisted in the Twelfth New-York Cavalry, and this without returning home, saying that while any fighting remained to be done he could not leave the field. He had just made a profession of religion, having united with the church with which his parents were connected—the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church—

and joined the command under General Casey, reaching the front just before the battle of Fair Oaks; but he was soon afterward transferred to the Department of North-Carolina, where he continued to serve till his death with growing zeal and unfolding capacities. The many graces of his person, his sweet disposition and noble aspirations won for him the love and admiration of his General, upon whose staff he served for a year and a half; and he enjoyed to an equal extent the warm regards of his fellow-officers.

Descended from an officer of Revolutionary fame, he took naturally to all soldierly qualities. Prompt at the call of duty, tireless in its execution, brave because devoid of the sense of fear, running hazards in which his preservation seems miraculous, feeling while in the discharge of duty utterly unterrified by the closest proximity to death, he was as modest as he was courageous, and it needed death to reveal not only how *dear* he was, but *what* he was, and what he had *done!* He lies in an early grave—the best hopes of his parents, for he was an only son, buried with him; but he has done his country service of which any soldier might be proud, and has left behind him an example which will live in the

hearts of his comrades and bear fruit in them through after years.

Extract of a letter from Major Benjamin:

May 15, 1865.

Giles was a boy not to be forgotten. That winning and peculiar smile that seldom left his countenance; that cheerful and generous disposition; and that honest, manly deportment, must always claim our admiration, and long retain a place among our pleasant memories.

During the six years he was with me, he passed through the several grades of the military department, until he ranked as senior captain; and in the literary course his progress was highly commendable, especially in the department of language. His appreciation of the power and beauty of words, and the facility with which he arrived at a neat and impressive construction, evidenced a mind matured beyond his years.

But it was with certain points in his moral character that we were peculiarly struck—his self-control and his genial temperament.

In his amusements, Giles was fond of adventure, but required that it should be legiti-

mate, and devoid of harm to others; coarse and vulgar sports, and mischievous tricks he never countenanced; and in whatever he engaged, be it study or play, he was so constantly cheerful, so ready to oblige, so frank and truthful, that his companionship was always sought for with avidity; and he left the Academy at the close of six years' study, I may safely say, beloved by every one who met him there.

If called upon to sum up in a single sentence my estimate of Giles, I should say that he was one of the most genial, kind-hearted, affectionate, companionable, and *peculiarly interesting* boys I have ever met. One could but feel happier and holier while in the presence of his bright, cheerful spirit.

Extract of a letter from a brother-officer:

April 8, 1865.

I do not believe that Giles Ward ever violated the fifth commandment.

He used to speak of his home friends oftener and with more warmth of affection than any young man I ever knew. And those friends have lost him! No! a thousand times *no!* He is not lost, but gone before. He has

anticipated these earthly friends by a few short months, and happily awaits the fulfillment of the desire we used to express together:

"Up to that world of light, take us, dear Saviour:
May we all there unite, happy forever:
Where kindred spirits dwell, there may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel—never! no never!"

May that union consist of all who, having loved, now mourn this Christian hero!

KINSTON, N. C., March 19, 1865.

MY DEAR MADAM: I can not suppose that a letter from me on the subject which will *always* be nearest your heart, will be considered an intrusion; and so because, on this lovely Sabbath afternoon, my own grief has come afresh upon me, and I feel alone and desolate, I have dared to think of talking a few moments with the mother of my poor Giles. I am sure, my dear madam, that you need no consolation from me in this overwhelming affliction, and I only address you as being a partner, and therefore sympathizer, in your sorrow. I offer you no testimonials as to the *character* and *reputation* of your lost son. There is but one sentiment on that point among his army friends; and what that is,

you already know from those you have seen of late, as well as by the reports which Mr. Ward has brought you from New-Bern. And yet I think Giles was only known really and intimately by a few. Every body knew he was gallant, gentlemanly, and of good habits; but the sweeter manifestations of a pure, noble, Christian soul are what will keep his memory fresh and precious for those who were fortunate enough to be admitted into the inner circle of his friends. It will ever be my pride, and I hope it may be to my profit, that he received and acknowledged me as his dear friend. I almost feel that during the last year of his life I knew as much of him as any of his own relations. It must be so, for we were always together, while the only intercourse which his much beloved mother could have with him was by letter. How thankful I am that I knew him so well, and have lived to tell you that your prayers for his deliverance from evil were signally answered, and that your darling boy died as pure and spotless as when you sent him forth, reluctantly, but with your blessing, to battle for his country and the right.

He was a daring and successful soldier; but his hardest conflict and most brilliant vic-

tories were on moral battle-fields. His was a short campaign, but it accomplished very much. He has set a mark, high and dazzling, for his comrades to reach. He has fought the good fight, and rests from his labors. We miss and mourn him beyond expression; but there *is* a light bright enough to penetrate our tears, and reveal to us a happy, satisfied spirit. By this light I see him every hour of every day. Not a doubt troubles me, and though I *must* weep, I thank God for the quiet heaven He prepares for His children, and to which I *know* He has taken my dear brother. How glorious to have had such a son, brother, friend!

I find that I must bring to an abrupt close a letter which is not what I would have had it, but which, such as it is, I could continue indefinitely, with the greatest pleasure. This is my favorite subject; but the duties incident to an active campaign require that I should deprive myself of the pleasure of dwelling longer upon it now. If you will allow me to do so, I will indulge myself again some time; for the family and friends of my Giles Ward will always have the respect and love of *his* friend.

Extract of a letter from Dr. Page :

April 5, 1865.

The scenes at the front, the brilliant movements of the Twelfth New-York Cavalry, etc., all lead me often to refer to the memory of your noble son, and I almost tremble at times at the danger in ordinary life of wrongly estimating such a character. The knowledge we gain by consenting to stop and reflect on his qualities, after we know he has left us forever, would be invaluable to both, were it possible to attain it, when the subject of the reflection is living.

It is useless for me to write to you of your son. As the memory of minor events and transient scenes, associated with your son's life here, fades away, he stands forth more prominent, and in proportions which make him more and more the subject of thought and grateful reflection. The beauty of his character almost compensates for the brevity of his career.

I sympathize with you, my dear sir, in your bereavement; but I know the longer you live the more satisfied you will become with the developments of his character, and the more reconciled to the shortness of his career.

Very respectfully, etc.

FOSTER UNITED STATES GENERAL HOSPITAL,
NEW-BERN, N. C., May 16, 1865.

I became acquainted with Lieutenant Ward immediately after his arrival in this place.

I met him at General Palmer's headquarters, and was introduced to him. From that moment I always admired him; not more for his very agreeable deportment than for his unbending religious and moral character.

He desired to place himself under my pastoral care, as I was then officiating by order of the Commanding General, in Christ Church; and this desire was prompted, as I suppose, not on account of any particular preference for me or my services, but on account of his connection with General Palmer and his family, and by whom young Ward was highly esteemed. He was then acting under the appointment of Aid-de-Camp to the General.

After this I saw him quite often. He was regular and punctual in attendance at church, and always seemed very devout and attentive. He frequently called at my quarters, and spent an hour or so of an evening, and the theme of conversation was invariably that of religion and its kindred topics.

Our acquaintance and friendship continued to the end of his brief life—a life, in human

judgment, altogether too brief for his country and his many friends. But it affords great comfort to me to believe that his work was well done, and that he has entered upon his reward.

Desiring to be affectionately remembered to the family of the late Lieutenant Ward, I remain yours very sincerely,

J. Hill Rouse,
Chaplain United States Army.

In his wallet, found upon his person at the time of his death, were the following pieces of poetry, which seem to have struck his fancy, and which he had cut out of some newspapers:

In the Van.

"Oh! as he lived he died:
His life burned not to ashes, white with doubt;
But flaring up, with battle's breath went out;
His young blood pulsing years, in a wild rout,
Then halting at high tide.

"In the loud trumpet blast—
In the grand rush of lifted banners met,
With his cheeks flushing and his sabre wet,
His young eyes flashing and his young lips set,
So his rich spirit passed.

"Just when the fight was won—
When the clouds broke from off the hard-won height,
And the pierced flag leaped out upon our sight,
In victory upspringing from the fight,
His brave young soul went on."

THE TROOPER TO HIS MARE.

"Old girl, thou hast borne me far and fast,
On prancing hoofs, that were never loth;
Our gallop to-day may be the last
For thee or for me, or perchance for both!
As I tighten your girth do you nothing daunt?
Do you catch the hint of our forming line?
And now the artillery move to the front!
Have you never a qualm, Bay Bess of mine?

"It is dainty to see you sidle and start
As you move to the battle's cloudy marge,
And to feel the swells of your wakening heart
When our sonorous bugles sound a charge;
At the scream of the shell and the roll of the drum,
You feign to be frightened with roguish glance;
But up the green slopes where the bullets hum,
Coquettishly, darling, I've known you dance.

"Your skin is satin, your nostrils red,
Your eyes are a bird's or a loving girl's;
And from delicate fetlock to stately head
A throbbing vein-cordage around you curls.
O joy of my heart! if you they slay,
For triumph or rout I little care;
For there isn't in all the wide valley to-day
Such a dear little bridle-wise, thorough-bred mare."

D.

Besides the military funeral at New-Bern, a service was held in the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, where the family resided; and on the following day, the last public honors to his remains were paid in the Congregational Church of Saybrook, Connecticut. An eye-witness describes the last scene as follows:

"At the entrance of the church, flags were heavily draped with black, and throughout the town were at half-mast—mute testimonials to the general sadness. The young officers who had borne him from New-Bern festooned the flag above him with camellias, and with fraternal love assisted in the last arrangements.

"The orderly who had served the young Lieutenant through many months of army life, and who had kept faithful vigils day and night during that sad week, still clung to the lifeless form.

"At twelve o'clock the church was filled with

sympathizing friends, who crowded in to take the last look at one so tenderly loved.

"A profusion of the rarest flowers encircled his head and breast; and so life-like were his beautiful features in their deep sleep, that those who had known and loved him in childhood, watching his bright career with admiring pride, now lingered by the "tenement of clay" with a clinging fondness which told how deep was their sorrow.

"At one o'clock the services commenced with the reading of the Scriptures by the pastor, Rev. S. McCall, followed by appropriate remarks of fervent sympathy. The following hymn was then sung:

Who shall weep when the righteous die?
Who shall mourn when the good depart?
When the soul of the godly away shall fly,
Who shall lay the loss at heart?
He has gone into peace—
He has laid him down
To sleep—till the dawn of a brighter day;
And he shall wake on that holy morn
When sorrow and sighing shall flee away

"The Rev. E. B. Crane then spoke in most affecting terms of the lofty character of this young Christian soldier, earnestly exhorting the young men present to imitate his noble example. Prayer followed. The choir then sung with touching sweetness the following

LAMENT.

This place is holy ground:
World, with its cares, away!
A holy, solemn stillness round
This lifeless, mouldering clay—
Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here.

Behold the bed of death—
The pale and mortal clay!
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
Marked ye the eye's last ray?
No! life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality.

Why mourn the pious dead?
Why sorrows swell our eyes?
Can sighs recall the spirit fleet?
Shall vain regrets arise?
Though death has caused this altered mien,
In heaven the *ransomed soul* is seen.

"But his was scarce an 'altered mien.' Death added strange beauty to his polished brow, lovely in death as in life.

"Amid tears and sobs, the last fond look was taken, and the mournful procession bore him to his last resting-place—on, past the home of his boyhood, where his coming had ever been the harbinger of joy and gladness—but where the drooping flag now told of sorrow; on to the ancient cemetery—ground consecrated by the honored dead, the forefathers of the colony, and the resting-place of his paternal ancestry. There the youthful hero was laid gently down; tender and solemn words were spoken; a young army friend scattered sweet violets upon the lifeless form, and it was lowered to its final rest—'till the trumpet shall sound.'"

On the Death of Giles F. Ward, Jr.

We linger near the hallowed ground,
And stand beside the peaceful mound
Where sleeps the brave:
How dear the spot, how calm the scene,
Where the soft turf grows fresh and green
Above his grave!

Oh! for one sound of tones now still!
One smile from those sweet lips that will
Not smile again;
Oh! for one glance from those pure eyes!
Ah! the unbidden wishes rise,
But rise in vain.

In vain, in vain! the eyes whose flash
Was brightest in the battle's crash
Are quenched of light;
The hand that waved the sabre-blade
When the mad-rushing charge was made
Is still and white.

For him no bugle-call shall sound
The summons to the battle-ground—
No cannon roar:
Sheathe his good sword—his work is wrought,
The peril past, the "good fight" fought,
The crown in store.

His pure and gentle life is done;
Like music only just begun—
A short, sweet song;

But ah! the memory remains,
And in our hearts its perfect strains
Will echo long.

Beside the sea he loved so well,
Lulled by the soothing ocean's swell,
He sleeping lies;
There leave him to his happy rest,
Where not a grief can stir his breast
Or dim his eyes:

Where in his quiet, early grave,
The good, the beautiful, the brave,
The Christian knight,
May sleep until that blessed day
When earthly gloom shall melt away
In heavenly light.

STONINGTON, March 4, 1866.

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